**Birthday Wishes**

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# Birthday Wishes

by rosiex


Summary

It's Yoongi's birthday.

As ever, plenty of smut and fluff coming up.


Notes

FYI this picks up directly after the end of the last part :)

See the end of the work for more notes

It's still dark when Jeongguk wakes up. It takes a few moments for him to register exactly where he is, the surroundings vaguely familiar but also very much not his own room. It all soon comes flooding back, particularly when he hears the light, rhythmic sounds of Yoongi's breathing behind him. They must have moved during the night as Jeongguk is now laying on his other side and Yoongi is pressed up against his back, an arm slung over Jeongguk's waist.

It feels nice. Really fucking nice. A contentment flows steadily through every inch of Jeongguk. He feels happy and kind of- safe or something. Not like Yoongi's protecting him as such because, realistically, Jeongguk knows he's got the most brawn out of the two of them. More in a secure kind of way, like nothing can go wrong when he's with Yoongi. Which he knows is a ridiculous way of thinking but well, he can't really help it.

He also feels hot. Really fucking hot. Jeongguk's not used to sleeping so wrapped up with someone else. In the past Jimin and Taehyung had sometimes climbed into his bed but they were never quite so entangled. Yoongi's chest is reassuring against his back but it's also really warm and the fact that Seokjin appears to have whacked the heating in the house up high again is making for quite a stifling situation.

Jeongguk cautiously tries to prise back the covers a little, glad when he feels the cooler air hitting him. He could really do with removing his shirt too though that may prove more tricky. He very carefully lifts Yoongi's arm, wriggling out from under it and sitting up.

"Don't go."

Yoongi's voice is thick with sleep but even through it Jeongguk can hear the anxious tone. Jeongguk looks down, his movements frozen at the unexpected request. He can just about make out the outline of Yoongi's features in the darkness, a worried expression flitting across his face.

"I'm not," Jeongguk reassures him quietly. "I was just taking my shirt off."

"Oh?" Yoongi says, the worry now edged out by something more like curiousity.

Jeongguk smiles at his tone. "I was too hot," he explains whilst tugging off the offending item.

He chucks it onto the floor before laying down again, settling on his back this time. Yoongi immediately curls into his side, kind of defeating the object but Jeongguk doesn't mind, especially when Yoongi's hand runs appreciatively over his chest.

"Mm, yeah you are," Yoongi mumbles into the crook of his neck. Jeongguk lets out a small laugh. He thinks he likes sleepy Yoongi. He wraps his arms around him and soon drifts back to sleep.

The next time Jeongguk wakes up the room is still dark. He glances over at the clock: 3:40am. Clearly he needs to get used to sharing a bed like this. Although, he makes sure to remind himself, this is just a one off. It's not like they are able to do this every night. Jeongguk runs a hand through Yoongi's hair, trying not to focus on the small pang of sadness that gathers at the thought, like a stone deep in his chest. He presses a soft kiss to Yoongi's temple.

Yoongi makes a low, contented hum. Jeongguk stills at the noise, not sure if he's awake or not. Yoongi nuzzles further into his neck, finger tips ghosting over Jeongguk's collarbone. Jeongguk smiles.

He'd always known that Yoongi had a soft side to him. That much was evident in the way he looked out for other members, in how well he treated their fans, in how he'd worry for other people more than himself. And he'd always known that Yoongi's exterior could flip easily, switching from a cool and distant expression to that sweet, wide smile in a matter of seconds. Even though it's clear to everyone, Jeongguk loves that he gets to experience this more intimate side of Yoongi, the moments when yet another small piece of his reserve is stripped away. He feels immensely privileged that Yoongi lets him see it like he does.

Jeongguk keeps carding his fingers tenderly through Yoongi's hair, basking in the small, happy sigh that falls from Yoongi's lips. He feels Yoongi's fingers run across his sternum with a little more pressure, tracing meandering paths across his skin. Despite the warmth in the room they leave trails of goosebumps in their wake. Jeongguk closes his eyes, focusing solely on the way Yoongi's fingers skim over him, edging lower and lower.

After a while he senses Yoongi shifting next to him and the next thing he feels are lips pressing against his own. Yoongi's are a bit dry from slumber but as soon as he parts them Jeongguk feels nothing but that wonderful wet heat as his tongue slips into Yoongi's mouth. They kiss deep and slow, fully exploring each other's mouths. The silence of the

rest of the house is broken only by the slick sounds of their tongues meeting and their heavy breathing.

They pull apart only slightly, lips pressing together again and again in chaste touches before they're claiming each others mouths fully once more. Jeongguk's fingers tangle in the strands of Yoongi's hair, making sure to keep him exactly where he is, kissing Jeongguk so deeply.

A quiet whimper escapes Jeongguk, muffled by the kiss. He's suddenly hyper-aware of Yoongi's body so close to him, just there to touch and feel. He reaches out with his other arm, running his hand up the back of Yoongi's thigh and manoeuvring until the elder is half draped over him. The press of his body feels so good and Jeongguk arches up a little into it, his grip tightening on Yoongi's leg.

Yoongi breaks the kiss, his lips latching on to the side of Jeongguk's neck instead. Jeongguk sighs, head tipping back and allowing Yoongi better access. Yoongi's mouth works expertly, licking and sucking enough to feel amazing but never hard enough to leave a mark. It's embarrassing but Jeongguk sometimes wishes that he would.

Yoongi settles himself more fully over Jeongguk. Jeongguk's hand slides further up, leaving Yoongi's thigh to rest on his ass instead. He pushes down hard, his rapidly hardening cock needing the friction.

Jeongguk gasps at the feeling it produces, the sound quickly swallowed up by Yoongi's mouth on his once more. Fuck, it's been far, far too long. Jeongguk's hand leaves Yoongi's hair to join the other grabbing at his ass. If Yoongi minds being groped at so desperately then it certainly doesn't show. In fact, it's quite the opposite as he grinds his own hips down into the other's. Jeongguk can feel that Yoongi is just as turned on and god, it just *does* something to him.

"Fuck me," Jeongguk murmurs against Yoongi's lips. "Oh god, fuck me, hyung, please."

His voice sounds all kinds of desperate but he doesn't care. He needs Yoongi so badly. He needed it before he went to Tokyo and their phone call, although providing some level of relief, did nothing to quell that deep desire inside him.

Yoongi groans quietly against his lips, nipping lightly at them before pulling away. He leans over the edge of the mattress, hand searching frantically in the drawer of his bedside table. Jeongguk rolls his hips up as he does so, his cock now fully hard and needing Yoongi's touch. Yoongi's breath stutters at the action and his eyes fall closed

momentarily.

"Fuck, Kook," he whispers.

His eyes reopen and he looks down at Jeongguk, returning to press their bodies together, the small bottle of lube now laying next to them on the mattress. They kiss again, the glide of their tongues becoming messier, more desperate. Eventually impatience wins out and Yoongi sits up. His fingers grip the waistband of Jeongguk's boxers, tugging them down his legs and throwing them to the floor.

"Turn over," he instructs gently. Jeongguk does so immediately and Yoongi takes the opportunity to rid himself of his own items of clothing.

Yoongi shucks the covers off of them both, leaving Jeongguk fully exposed. Jeongguk feels like most of his life is lived under constant scrutiny but somehow being the focus of Yoongi's gaze like this leaves him shivering in anticipation rather than being something he wants to shy away from. He feels the touch of Yoongi's hand as it runs along his spine. He twists his head to the side, cheek pressed into the pillow so that he can see Yoongi. Yoongi's watching way his fingers trail across Jeongguk's back with a kind of reverence, wetting his lips lightly.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk prompts. He loves having Yoongi look at him and touch him like this but he just needs more right now.

Yoongi's hand pulls away, the click of the bottle getting Jeongguk's muscles tensing from the knowledge of what's about to happen. He watches Yoongi studiously slicking up his fingers, making sure that they're more than adequately coated. He catches Jeongguk's gaze as he watches. He reaches forward, thumb of his other hand running along Jeongguk's lower lip. Jeongguk's tongue darts out, the tip licking at the pad of Yoongi's thumb before closing his lips around it. He sucks gently, enjoying the way Yoongi's eyes flutter closed again as though he's having trouble collecting himself.

When they open the intensity burning in his irises sends a flash of heat shooting through Jeongguk. He swallows hard, fingers pre-emptively clutching at the sheets as Yoongi kneels back and his index finger slowly starts to slide inside. Jeongguk sighs heavily, full of relief at finally getting what he needs even if it's not quite enough yet. Yoongi works the digit carefully back and forth and Jeongguk quickly gets accustomed to it. Yoongi soon adds another, a low whine catching in

Jeongguk's throat at the feeling. He stretches Jeongguk deftly, a third finger added when Jeongguk starts to push back. He seems to be purposely avoiding Jeongguk's prostrate however and it's driving the younger insane. He's needed this so much and it's just hovering so tantalisingly out of reach.

"Please," Jeongguk pants, asking for Yoongi to go deeper or for Yoongi to fuck him, Jeongguk isn't quite sure.

There's a moment of emptiness as Yoongi's fingers leave him and then a few more agonising seconds before Yoongi's leaning over him, mouth working the spot behind Jeongguk's ear before gently tugging the metal of his earring between his teeth. Jeongguk can feel Yoongi's hardness rubbing against him, smearing lube and precome over his skin as he leans forward more, capturing Jeongguk's mouth in a kiss. It's a really awkward angle and it's more tongue than lips, but Jeongguk still kisses back hard. His body writhes against the mattress, providing some relief as his cock rubs against the sheets but it's not what he wants.

Yoongi breaks the kiss. One of his hands covers Jeongguk's own that tangles in the sheets, stilling it's frustrated movements. Yoongi holds his hand tight, their fingers lacing together. His other hand trails along Jeongguk's side, skimming over his hip before Jeongguk can no longer feel it. He feels the shift of the mattress as Yoongi positions himself and then, oh god, he's finally pushing inside Jeongguk. Jeongguk gasps at the sensation, at how much fuller it feels than fingers. How much better. Yoongi goes slow until he's fully buried inside Jeongguk and then waits as he always does to let him adjust. Jeongguk closes his eyes and bites down on his lip. It's beyond amazing to feel this again.

Yoongi's hand falls to rest on Jeongguk's hip, raising them just slightly. The thumb of his other hand brushes reassuringly over the back of Jeongguk's. He feels Yoongi's body drape over his own, not pressing his full weight into him but enough to make his cock slide in that bit deeper. Jeongguk bites back a moan at feeling so surrounded by Yoongi, at how connected their bodies are right now.

"Hyung," Jeongguk breathes out.

Yoongi seems to take that as his cue that it's okay to move. He pulls back just slightly, most of his length staying inside before he rolls his hips down again. Oh god. Oh *god.* It feels so incredible. The feeling of fullness that Jeongguk's been craving never really leaves him,

Yoongi's movements small but staying so deep inside of him. He's going so slow, the position not really allowing for much speed, but *fuck*, he goes so hard.

"Yoongi, *god*," Jeongguk groans, trying to stay as quiet as possible but damn it's proving more than a little difficult.

Yoongi's hand squeezes his own tightly, fingertips of his other hand digging in to Jeongguk's hip. Jeongguk grips Yoongi's hand hard, the intensity of being fucked so close and so intimate like this proving somewhat overwhelming. Yoongi stays pressed to him, his chest damp with sweat and sticking a little to Jeongguk's back. Yoongi keeps grinding down into him, leaving Jeongguk utterly breathless.

"You feel so good, Kook," Yoongi whispers, lips trailing over his shoulders. "So fucking good."

Jeongguk's mind is hazy, Yoongi's touches and the feel of him inside seeping all coherent thoughts from his brain. He figures he should probably be worried about the fact that the other members are in the house, that technically one of them could come strolling through that door at any moment, although highly unlikely at this hour of the morning. He doesn't think about that though. All he can focus on is how amazing Yoongi makes him feel.

"Fuck," Jeongguk gasps out hoarsely.

The pleasure steps up unfathomably as Yoongi hits that spot deep inside of him that gets Jeongguk's vision blurring. It's- god, it's fucking incredible. He thinks he gets why Yoongi avoided it with his fingers earlier; he wanted Jeongguk to feel that wonderful burst of pleasure for the first time in over two weeks only once Yoongi was buried deep inside of him.

Yoongi lets out a choked sort of sound from how Jeongguk clenches around him at the feeling. He draws back a little before rolling his hips hard, driving into the same spot again. Jeongguk gasps harshly once more. This time Yoongi doesn't pull away however. Instead he keeps his cock pressed firmly into that spot. Jeongguk's eyes scrunch shut, the pleasure surging into every inch of him. And then Yoongi starts circling his hips. His movements are small but fuck, the effect is dizzying.

"Yes, oh fuck, Yoongi," he pants, the fingers of his free hand scrabbling at the sheets.

The pleasure is incredible and relentless, building to a point where it's almost unbearable. Jeongguk feels a tremble beginning in his limbs, the intensity of it amazing him. Yoongi chooses the right moment to pull away, just before it crosses the line into too much. Jeongguk only gets a moment to recover before Yoongi's legs spread a little wider and he starts fucking into Jeongguk once more, hitting him right where he needs it, going so deep, so hard. Jeongguk can start to feel that low burn in the pit of his stomach, growing more intense with each roll of Yoongi's hips.

"Keep going," Jeongguk pleads quietly. "So close."

Yoongi mouths at his shoulder, teeth scraping lightly. Jeongguk can feel him groan against his sweat slicked skin. His movements slow and Jeongguk whines without shame, Yoongi starting to hold off at the precise moment when he just needs more.

"Would you ride me, baby?" Yoongi asks lowly. Jeongguk can feel his breath fluttering over his skin. "I want to see you come so badly."

How Jeongguk doesn't finish right there and then, he honest to god has no idea. Instead he nods frantically. Cooler air hits his back as Yoongi pulls away, carefully sliding out of him. Yoongi moves quickly, laying back on the bed. Jeongguk leans down, sharing a brief, fiery kiss before straddling the elder. He takes hold of Yoongi's cock, not for the first time finding it amazing that it fits inside of him like it does. He carefully guides it inside himself, slowly sinking down with the aid of Yoongi's hands on his hips. The utterly blissful look on Yoongi's face as he does so is enough to make the change in position worth it.

Yoongi's hands stay gripping his hips, fingertips digging in lightly as Jeongguk starts to slide slowly up and down on his length. The drag of Yoongi's cock inside him is more noticeable like this though he's lost that amazing pressure on his prostrate. He tries angling his hips differently on each slide, still more than enjoying himself. Yoongi's lips are parted as he watches Jeongguk, one hand leaving his hips to rub across his abdomen, then over his thigh. People often shower Jeongguk with compliments and he does appreciate them, sincerely he does, but the way Yoongi looks at him right now, almost in awe; well, that gives Jeongguk a feeling that none of the other praise can.

"God, you look fucking amazing," Yoongi breathes out, eyes never leaving Jeongguk.

Jeongguk struggles to stifle a moan. Yoongi's words coincide with the

next time he sinks down and Yoongi's cock hits that spot dead on. Jeongguk's jaw goes slack, getting lost in the feeling as he tries not to think too much about how accidentally loud his moan was. He's never been so glad that his hyungs are all heavy sleepers.

His movements speed up as he seeks more of that feeling, sliding down quicker onto Yoongi now. Oh, it's good, so fucking good. The low heat that had momentarily ebbed starts to build back up rapidly. He rides Yoongi hard, his thighs aching but he couldn't care less. Yoongi seems to sense that he's close. He props himself up on one elbow, his other hand leaving Jeongguk's hip to wrap around his cock.

Jeongguk bites down painfully hard on his lip, trying his best not to groan at the new touch. He's so very close, his release hovering just within reach. His fingers grip onto Yoongi's sides, grounding himself as he edges nearer and nearer.

"Yoongi, Yoongi, fuck," he mumbles. "I love your cock."

He doesn't really know what he's saying and he would normally be blushing bright red from such sentiments falling from his lips. But he's caught up in the heat of the moment and he pushes any embarrassment to the back of his mind, his focus entirely elsewhere. His words, as awkward as he might find them, seem to have quite an effect on Yoongi. His upper body jerks forward, his eyes closing as the hand working Jeongguk's cock momentarily goes slack.

"Kook, fuck," he gasps. His hips thrust up hard into Jeongguk and his mouth falls open as he comes deep inside him.

It brings Jeongguk impossibly close to the edge. When Yoongi's eyes open again he looks dazed, his orgasm seeming to have hit him quite unexpectedly. He blinks a few times before looking up at Jeongguk, his hand soon resuming its slick back and forth on Jeongguk's cock. It doesn't take long. Jeongguk's sure that Yoongi must be oversensitive right now but he keeps Jeongguk moving on him, hitting that spot repeatedly and then it all becomes too much. That heat pooling deep within Jeongguk suddenly breaks, wave upon wave of pleasure surging through him. He comes hard, caught between rocking into Yoongi's hand and grinding down onto him as he drags out every glorious second of his orgasm.

"Oh my god," Jeongguk sighs once enough of the fuzziness has left his brain to allow him to form words again.

"That was- wow," Yoongi says, words caught on a breathless laugh.

He smiles up at Jeongguk. He’s sweaty and his cheeks are flushed and he’s smiling so wide. Jeongguk gets an inexplicable urge to cling on to him and never let him go. Instead he carefully lifts up, Yoongi sliding out of him. He collapses back onto the sheets, his chest heaving. They stay like that in silence for a while, Yoongi rubbing at Jeongguk’s ankle where it rests near him.

After a while Yoongi gets up, walking over to his closet and grabbing a towel. He wipes himself off before kneeling on the bed next to Jeongguk, carefully cleaning him up too. He leans down, pressing a chaste kiss to Jeongguk’s lips before shoving the towel in his laundry basket. Yoongi gathers up his clothes, slowly putting them back on with the addition of pajama bottoms this time. Jeongguk wishes they could just stay like this, able to just reach out and touch bare skin, but he knows that in a shared house that isn’t an option. It’s going to look odd enough that Yoongi and Jeongguk have shared a bed. At least he hopes that Yoongi still wants him to stay after this.

“Here,” Yoongi says, passing him a spare pair of pyjamas and Jeongguk smiles at the implied invitation to remain.

"Thanks," he says gratefully, though he continues to stay sprawled in the same position after accepting the clothes.

Yoongi chuckles. "Don't think I'm dressing you," he warns.

"Please, hyung," he grins, reaching out. Yoongi deftly swats him away.

"Hell no."

Jeongguk keeps grinning, retracting his hand and resting it over his chest instead. He can feel his heart still beating faster than usual beneath his palm. Only after Yoongi starts relentlessly poking Jeongguk with his foot to move does the younger finally get up. He gets dressed with the addition of the pajamas and crawls onto the bed next to Yoongi.

Jeongguk shimmies down, laying on his side so that they're face to face. Their hands instantly find each others' hips, mouths pressing together for one more kiss.

Jeongguk wishes he could fall asleep like this every night.

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It's barely a week later when Jeongguk hears the words that fill him

with dread.

"What have you bought Yoongi-hyung for his birthday?"

Namjoon asks the question over breakfast one morning, spoken in hushed tones in case they're overheard. It's pretty pointless, Jeongguk thinks, seems Yoongi is currently dead to the world in his bed upstairs.

"I don't know what I'm getting him yet," Jeongguk tells him.

It's not a lie. Namjoon's question has been plaguing him for the last few weeks, ever since they became official. Jeongguk finds it hard enough to buy presents for people as it is, let alone with the added pressure of it now being for a boyfriend. What if he buys him something awful? He has terrible visions of Yoongi opening some unknown present and plastering on that awful forced smile he does when he's truly hating something on the inside.

"Aish, get a move on, Kookie," Namjoon chides him. "It's next week, you know."

"I know," Jeongguk huffs. Maybe a little too testily as Namjoon arches an eyebrow at him reproachfully. Jeongguk sighs. "Sorry, hyung. I'm just a bit tired."

He smiles at Namjoon and Namjoon smiles back with hesitation.

"Is everything okay?" he asks. And great, now Jeongguk feels even worse. Of course their leader would get overly concerned about a mention of tiredness.

"I'm fine," Jeongguk assures him. "Just didn't sleep very well last night."

Namjoon looks wary still but he nods, seemingly accepting the explanation. Hoseok enters the kitchen, looking bleary eyed and heading straight for the coffee.

"Morning." He greets the pair of them through a yawn and they murmur their greetings back.

Namjoon starts chatting with him and Jeongguk quietly eats his breakfast. As much as he fears the relentless teasing it will bring by asking for their advice on the birthday present, he thinks he should speak to Taehyung and Jimin. They're the only ones who know of his

predicament.

Jeongguk halfheartedly joins in the kitchen conversation as he concentrates on finishing his breakfast. He needs to finish up quickly if he wants to speak to the two of them while Hoseok is out of the way. Unfortunately Namjoon draws him into a long discussion on plans for the surprise party they're planning for Yoongi. Well not so much of a party, more like a normal evening with the added excitement of yelling 'happy birthday!' at a certain point but well, it's something.

After a last reminder to hurry up and buy a present Jeongguk manages to escape the kitchen, charging upstairs to Jimin and Taehyung's room. He wanders in and shuts the door behind him. The pair of them are on Jimin's bed, covers pulled up over them as they watch something on Taehyung's phone.

"Oh, it's just you," Taehyung says dismissively, chucking his phone carelessly onto the covers. It's only now that Jeongguk notices that they're slightly sweatier and more flustered than they should be from simply watching shows on a phone.

"God, I haven't disturbed something have I?" Jeongguk asks awkwardly.

"Nah, you came just in time," Taehyung tells him. "Or rather we just did." He waggles his eyebrows.

"I'm out," Jeongguk says, holding up his hands in defeat and turning to leave.

"Come back," Taehyung laughs. "If we have to put up with you and Yoongi getting up to god knows what whenever and wherever, you have to put up with us making the most of an opportunity too."

Jeongguk huffs, not really able to argue with that, and he sits down on Hoseok's bed.

"What's up, Kook?" Jimin asks, clearly noticing the troubled look on Jeongguk's face.

"Well, I just kind of- well, I need some help," he explains. "It's Yoongi's birthday next week and I have no clue what to get him."

"Ah, hyung's not a fussy person," Taehyung says kindly. "He won't mind what you get him. He'd probably be happy with a bag of trash if

you're the one giving it to him."

"Shut up." Jeongguk rolls his eyes. "You know, it's his first birthday since we've been together. I want him to like it."

"Well, I got Jimin that sweater for his birthday," Taehyung says. "Maybe some clothes?"

Jeongguk scrunches up his nose a little.

"I don't know," Jeongguk replies. "I mean, that was nice and all, but it was just for Jimin."

"Hey!" Jimin yelps defensively at the perceived slight.

"No, I just mean like, it's maybe what you'd buy a friend. Not a boyfriend, you know?"

For the briefest of moments Jeongguk feels like he sees a flicker of something pass over Jimin's features but it's gone again so quickly that Jeongguk dismisses it.

"Yeah," Jimin says softly. "Plus I've bought hyung clothes for his birthday before, and well, my choices are pretty hard to beat." He winks at Jeongguk and receives a pillow thrown at his face.

"Maybe you could do something for him then?" Jimin suggests instead after flinging the pillow directly back at Jeongguk. "You know, take him somewhere."

Jeongguk had thought about that but everything he considered didn't seem right. Going for a meal would end up with everyone else probably tagging along. He'd tried googling some ideas but they were all terribly lame like going on a rowboat or a romantic bike ride. And besides, taking Yoongi on a date-like activity and having to act strictly as platonic friends; something about that just made Jeongguk feel rather low.

"You could give him a birthday lap dance," Taehyung suggests enthusiastically with a wide grin.

And okay well, fair enough it is a new idea, but like hell would Jeongguk be doing that.

"No fucking way," Jeongguk states.

"Ah, I'm sure he'd love that," Jimin grins, joining in. "We can help you

pick out the track."

"No to lap dances," Jeongguk sighs and Taehyung visibly pouts.

"Fine. Well, just remember my birthday's in December guys, if you want to start planning."

"You guys are useless," Jeongguk groans, flopping back onto the bed.

"Well he likes music..." Jimin begins, trailing off as he ponders the possibility of a music related gift.

"Yeah, I thought of that, but I have no idea what to get him related to that. I feel like he's kind of got music stuff covered," Jeongguk replies. "I thought maybe something to do with his photography but-"

"Oh!" Taehyung exclaims, clapping his hands together. Jeongguk sits bolt upright. Perhaps they've found the answer. "I heard him say to Hobi-hyung the other day that he needed a new case for his camera."

"Yeah?" Jeongguk asks tentatively. Taehyung nods eagerly. If he's honest it's not the most exciting sounding gift in the world, but he currently has a total of fuck all other ideas so he takes it. "Cool. Thanks, Tae," he says, adding a grateful smile.

"No problem," he smiles back. "Though I still think the lap da-"

"Right, I'm going to go order it," Jeongguk interrupts, promptly standing up before Taehyung can push that idea any more. "I'll let you guys get back to... this," he adds, hand motioning in the general area of the bed.

"You're always welcome to join, Kookie," Taehyung teases, throwing a wink in his direction. Jeongguk's sure he sees that look pass over Jimin's face once more but then it's gone again, just as quick.

"I am most definitely leaving," Jeongguk replies and Taehyung laughs brightly.

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Two days later and Jeongguk is sitting crosslegged on his bed, undoing the parcel that's just arrived. He takes out the camera case that he ordered online and inspects it carefully. It seems good enough; it's a nice leather one with Yoongi's initials monogrammed onto it. It's fine. Jeongguk sighs. He wanted more than fine.

He knows Taehyung's right; Yoongi would be appreciative of any gift that someone's taken the time to buy him. Though he does think he would probably draw the line at a bag of trash. Jeongguk just wanted to do something a little more for him. Let him know that he *means* a little - or a lot - more.

Jeongguk covers the case back up in the wrapping and leans over to the drawer of his bedside table, wedging it in there amongst all the other crap that gets shoved inside. He glances up as he does so, the photos pinned to the wall next to his bed catching his eye. There's a photo of his family, a particularly nice sunset picture that he took in the Philippines, as well as a group shoot of all the members taken in Norway.

Jeongguk smiles as he looks at it. He loved that trip. It was so nice to spend time with the members like that, just enjoying new experiences and each other's company. Despite the ever-present cameras, it almost felt like they weren't idols and just a normal group of friends enjoying a vacation together.

Jeongguk also remembers it being a time when he became a lot closer to Yoongi. They'd always got along well but Jeongguk had tended to gravitate towards Taehyung, Jimin and Hoseok much more. His friendship with Yoongi was developing a little more prior to that trip but he felt it had properly solidified whilst travelling. They'd suddenly spent so much more time together; sharing a room initially, cooking together in the campground, just generally chatting more often about anything and nothing. Yoongi would sit on the sofa and give Jeongguk tips for taking better photographs, leaning over Jeongguk's bulky camera and pointing out all the different functions, and he'd let the younger convince him to take part in the silly games that they all often played in the evenings.

Jeongguk revelled in having Yoongi's attention focused on him so much. He was always fawned over by the others but it somehow felt, well, *different* with Yoongi. He had been so worried when they returned to Seoul that they'd lose the connection that had begun to grow in Europe. And although it wasn't quite as obvious, he was glad to find that it still lingered. They spent more time in each other's company and Jeongguk would make Yoongi laugh with his jokes and Yoongi would ask the younger more questions about his day.

Jeongguk bites down on his lip. He's never really thought about it but he wonders if that was the beginning of something deeper for him, even if he wasn't aware of it at the time. He'd always thought about

his hyung in sexual scenarios but wasn't until they actually slept together that Jeongguk realised, actually, perhaps Yoongi did mean more to him than in just a physical way.

Jeongguk leans over and unpins the photograph from the wall. They're all smiling widely. Namjoon's doing his usual closed eye smile, Seokjin's beaming like a model, Hoseok's grinning openmouthed with his hands in the air. Jeongguk's eyes are drawn to the four of them crushed in-between the other three. Jimin's arm is slung around his own shoulders, pressing their cheeks together. Taehyung's hand rests on Yoongi's shoulder as they both flash brilliant smiles.

Something twists uneasily in Jeongguk's stomach. His mind whirs back to the awkward conversation they all had on that Sunday morning when he first stumbled across their situation. To the fact that Yoongi had been with Jimin and Taehyung separately before they all *rolled with it*. Was Yoongi sleeping with one of them when this was taken? With both of them? Were Taehyung and Jimin standing there, side by side, oblivious to the fact that they were both sleeping with the same guy? Or maybe it had already progressed to the three of them by that point.

Jeongguk shakes his head as though trying to shake off the strange feeling. He swallows hard and pins the photograph back up on the wall. He looks at it one more time before grabbing his laptop and creating a new folder. He thinks he has an idea now at least.

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"Someone's going to have to wake him up," Seokjin huffs. "He can't miss his own birthday breakfast."

Seokjin stands by the oven, spatula in hand and a demanding look on his face. Jeongguk is so often reminded of his own mother that it's a little frightening. Not that he's been able to have home cooked meals from his mother in a long, long time.

"I'll go," Jeongguk offers and he doesn't miss the knowing look shared between Taehyung and Jimin. Luckily the other members don't catch it.

Jeongguk wanders up the stairs, eagerly approaching Yoongi's darkened room. He knocks lightly and, on hearing no response, carefully opens the door. He closes it behind him. Yoongi's buried in the covers on his bed and Jeongguk would love nothing more than to climb under there with him. Well, maybe there's a few other things

he'd love more. It's been nearly two weeks since he stayed in Yoongi's bed after Tokyo and again they've been restricted to heated kisses whenever possible, never getting an opportunity to take things any further. At least they were safe in the knowledge that no one has twigged that there is something more between them yet, especially as Jeongguk had managed to leave Yoongi's room that morning before anyone noticed him in there.

Jeongguk pushes the thoughts of that night and what they got up to from his mind before he gets too carried away. Instead he drapes his body over Yoongi's, laying on top of the covers. There's a muffled grunt from beneath him.

"Happy birthday, hyung," Jeongguk says cheerily.

"Do you have a fucking death wish?" Yoongi grumbles, voice full of sleep still.

He turns over underneath Jeongguk, blinking open his eyes. His gaze meets with Jeongguk's, looking up at the younger blearily. His annoyed demeanour starts to fade. He licks at his lips, chapped from sleep.

"Happy birthday," Jeongguk repeats, his voice dropping to a whisper.

The faint line of a smile causes Yoongi's mouth to curve upwards before Jeongguk leans forward and captures it in a kiss. Yoongi's hands lift to slip beneath the hem of Jeongguk's shirt, rubbing lazily at the small of his back.

They kiss slowly, mouths parting and tongues dipping inside to taste each other. Jeongguk doesn't often get to enjoy morning kisses with Yoongi and he makes the most of the moment. He loves the unhurried pace, taking their time to gently explore each other's mouths. Yoongi pulls back a little and his faint smile has morphed into a wide, toothy one. Jeongguk smiles back before leaning down and kissing him again.

"Can I just spend my birthday in here with you?" Yoongi mumbles against Jeongguk's lips. His comment sends a small shiver of happiness through Jeongguk.

"Hmm, I think that isn't going to go down well with the others," Jeongguk grins, allowing Yoongi to press another kiss to his lips, tongue darting out again and drawing him back into another deep glide of their tongues together.

"Don't care," Yoongi says as they break apart slightly. "It's my birthday after all. What I say goes."

Jeongguk can feel Yoongi's smile against his own and god, he loves it. He loves *this*. He wants nothing more than to be able to spend the day with Yoongi like they are now. However he knows that the others are waiting downstairs and that if they're not careful someone's going to come up and investigate what's keeping them.

"Come on, get up" Jeongguk urges, though he sabotages his own attempt by kissing Yoongi again.

Yoongi's arms wrap tight around his waist, keeping him close. Yoongi whines in protest and it's such a strange sound to come from the elder that Jeongguk laughs, breaking the kiss.

"Come on," Jeongguk tries again. "Otherwise Seokjin's going to come in here with that spatula and beat us to death."

"Well, you never mentioned the spatula," Yoongi says with mock seriousness.

Jeongguk grins and reluctantly rolls off of Yoongi, standing up beside the bed. He holds out his hand and Yoongi takes it, grudgingly standing up next to him. Jeongguk pecks him on his cheek and it's a bit of a sickly sweet action but Yoongi doesn't say anything, for which Jeongguk is immensely glad.

Jeongguk starts to walk out of the room, Yoongi following a step behind. He tries not to panic too much about the fact that Yoongi's still holding his hand. He wishes that he didn't have to worry about something like that; wishes that they could just wander into the kitchen and for it not to be a big deal. It's obvious that it would be though, and when they reach the staircase Yoongi wordlessly slides his fingers out of Jeongguk's.

The breakfast is really nice. Seokjin's done a great job as usual and he hushes their compliments despite clearly enjoying the praise. All of the members shower Yoongi with birthday wishes when he sits down and fawn over him for the rest of the breakfast. It warms Jeongguk immensely to see everyone showing their love towards him. Yoongi tries to play it cool amidst all the attention but Jeongguk can see the tinge of red that colours his cheeks and the emotion in his eyes.

The relative tranquillity of breakfast is soon lost as they go straight into a hectic day of dance practices and management meetings. The

only shining moment for Jeongguk is when he and Yoongi end up alone in the changing room for a few moments, resulting in Yoongi crowding him up against the wall and kissing him with a hunger that Jeongguk still finds incredible.

Jeongguk manages to find a few moments alone back at the house in the early evening to wrap his present for Yoongi. He looks the final product over again, chewing nervously on his lower lip. He's still not sure if this is a really dumb idea but it's too late now. He picks up the hardback book in front of him. It looks nice printed up like this at least, seeming fairly professional. God bless online retailers.

He opens the book, flicking absently through the pages. It's full of photos that Yoongi has taken over the years mixed in with ones other members have taken of Yoongi himself, either alone or with other people. Jeongguk's spent the last few days trawling through almost three years' worth of photos to find his favourite ones that Yoongi has snapped as well as the ones that he likes the most of Yoongi which, frustratingly, were pretty much all of them. It took a great deal of ruthless decision making to narrow down the choices.

Jeongguk's tried to make it about Yoongi so has focused only on things to do with him; there's photos to do with his music, of him napping, along with snaps from their various trips aboard. And, of course, Yoongi's selfie with Kumamon makes an appearance. BTS is obviously a huge part of their lives but he's tried to steer away from too much of the professional side and make it more personal to Yoongi.

It's been strange going through the photos. Seeing images from around the time they had first debuted and remembering how totally crazy everything felt back then. How terrifying it was to be launched into this entirely new life with a bunch of people he barely knew, only for them to soon become closer than family. Jeongguk could visibly see them all growing up and changing in the photos to the point where they are now. He couldn't help but wonder as he went through them just when Yoongi first developed feelings for him, searching in every captured look to see if there was something obvious he had been missing, but he couldn't tell.

Jeongguk sighs and places the camera case on top of the book, grabbing the giftwrap and setting about wrapping them up. He still feels like he could have done more but time's pressing on and he can't worry about that now. Once wrapped he places it on his bedside table to give to Yoongi later; right now he needs to head downstairs.

It's Namjoon who's tasked with distracting Yoongi while they set up some bits in the lounge. It's nothing much, just some balloons scattered about along with a birthday banner and bowls of food laid out on the table, but it gives off something of a party vibe at least. Jeongguk notes the addition this year of bottles of alcohol, a rare privilege that being at the house celebrating provides. He grins excitedly; this is the first of Yoongi's birthday's that he'll be able to drink.

It's always a bit odd having a party when they've been celebrating on a certain level since the morning, but they always like to do something extra when they give the presents. Seokjin's currently fussing about the cake, trying desperately to find something to light the candles with. Finally they turn off the lights, waiting for Namjoon to bring Yoongi into the room. It seems to be taking a long time but eventually they hear Yoongi's voice grumbling from the hallway and suddenly he's being dragged into the lounge.

There's a cacophony of noise as Yoongi enters. They burst into song, Yoongi grimacing but in a happily embarrassed kind of way. Seokjin brings the cake over to him and Yoongi blows out the candles. He tries to bat away the party hat being placed on his head by Taehyung but the younger is much stronger.

"Ah, get this thing off me," he mutters but it's good-natured.

Taehyung gives the chin strap a sharp pluck for his comment and secures the hat firmly in place. Yoongi's expression is comically disgruntled. Jeongguk thinks he looks so cute that he kind of wants to kiss him breathless and he worries that he's not even had any alcohol yet.

"Speech!" Hoseok yells from the back of the room where he's currently pouring champagne into some glasses. They certainly have gone all out for Yoongi's birthday this year. It makes Jeongguk feel so great, even though it's not even for him.

"Uh. Thank you all for this. I may be older but least I'm still not as old as Seokjin-hyung." He nods curtly indicating that he's done.

"Min Yoongi. A man of few words," Hoseok says solemnly, walking over and handing a glass of the champagne to the man in question.

Hoseok hands out the remaining glasses to all the members. Jeongguk still finds it odd to be given alcohol, not quite adjusted yet from all the times he was left with fruit juice while everyone else indulged

around him. Hoseok still seems to find it a little strange too, hesitating a moment before handing a glass to the youngest but Jeongguk accepts it gratefully. They all shout clamorously before clinking their glasses together to toast Yoongi.

"Well, I would just like to say, thank you hyung for always looking out for us and caring for us. We all love you and your grandpa ways," Namjoon says, stepping up to his leader role as ever. Everyone murmurs their agreement and clinks their glasses together again.

"Come on, sit down, sit down," Jimin tells Yoongi, grinning widely and thrusting a gift at him. Yoongi's near enough shoved down into the couch and is looking round the room, seeming a little bewildered from all the attention.

All of the members start foisting their presents upon him and he seems lost at where to start, everyone jumping in and telling him what one is theirs. A bunch of flowers is pressed into his hands too, apparently from his parents. Jeongguk's never seen Yoongi's parents apart from in a photograph once. Would he have to meet them one day? Do they even know Yoongi likes guys? Jeongguk mentally slaps himself; he's getting way too ahead of himself here.

Yoongi opens the presents one by one, smiling his gratitude to each person and Jeongguk hopes to god that no one realises that his own is missing. Unfortunately Seokjin soon notices.

"Kookie, where's your present?" he asks.

"Um, I was going to give it to hyung later," Jeongguk mumbles.

He notices Yoongi looking over curiously, clearly intrigued as to what on earth Jeongguk has bought him.

"He wants to open them now though," Seokjin says on Yoongi's behalf.

"I don't mind," Yoongi protests. He looks panicked all of a sudden, as though worried that it might be something sexual that isn't suitable for a wider audience. Jeongguk hesitates, knowing that the gift is embarrassing in an entirely different way.

"No, don't be silly," Seokjin chides. "Why don't you go and get it, Jeongguk."

The way Seokjin says it could be a question but Jeongguk knows full well that it's an order. He grudgingly stands up, heading upstairs to

get it. Oh god, this is going to be awful. Yoongi's going to think it's so lame and he's not sure he's ready for the look of disappointment and forced smile.

When Jeongguk walks back in the room everyone's looking excitedly at him. Oh great. His attempt at keeping his gift low key has somehow now ended up with everyone showing an unprecedented level of interest due to his odd behaviour.

"Happy birthday, hyung," he says as he hands Yoongi the parcel. He doesn't quite meet Yoongi's eyes.

"Wrapped so neatly, Kookie!" Hoseok says. Nearly everyone murmurs their agreement. Jeongguk resists the urge to roll his eyes. It's sweet, really, how his hyungs constantly praise him for the smallest of things; it's been that way since they all first met. But sometimes Jeongguk thinks there's a level of overkill.

"Ah, I've seen better," Yoongi teases and it makes Jeongguk smile despite his awkwardness.

Yoongi opens the present. He doesn't say anything for a moment, just looks down and blinks. The others crowd round inspecting the contents, pawing at the case and photobook. Jeongguk feels like he could die of embarrassment.

"Wow, this is so thoughtful," Namjoon says rifling through the pages of the book.

"Yeah, you're showing us all up, Kook," Jimin grins, running his thumb over the edge of the camera case.

"Ah, just-  Yoongi-hyung likes photography and there's so many nice pictures that never get printed," Jeongguk shrugs, trying to play down his efforts. "And Tae said he needed a new case. So. You know."

He catches Taehyung looking at him, a soft smile on his face. Jeongguk presses his lips together, looking away bashfully.

"Shall we put some music on or something?" Jeongguk suggests, wandering over to the iPod that's already connected to the speakers.

"Sure. I've got a playlist ready on there," Namjoon tells him and Jeongguk presses play.

Music fills the room, providing a welcome distraction from the

chatter. Jeongguk stays over by the speakers, feigning interest in the playlist until the talk moves away from the gifts. Their habit of overly praising his efforts seems to have kicked in once again.

They eventually all start moving about, Seokjin topping up their glasses and the mood becomes increasingly jovial. Jeongguk sips from his glass nervously, gaze so focused on the iPod that he jumps when he hears Yoongi's voice directly behind him.

"Thank you."

Jeongguk spins round to face him. He's still got that ridiculous party hat on and he's smiling at Jeongguk tenderly. The look in his eyes is one Jeongguk recognises as appearing when he wants to kiss the younger. He doesn't but he does draw Jeongguk into a hug. Jeongguk's arms easily wrap around Yoongi's back. Yoongi's holding onto him a few seconds longer than he probably should and Jeongguk has to hold back a noise of surprise when he feels the briefest skim of lips against his neck, quick enough not to be noticed by anyone else

"Ah, I should have got you something better," Jeongguk shrugs when Yoongi pulls away.

"Don't be stupid," Yoongi tells him, voice a little stern. "I loved what you got me. I'm- well, I'm really touched."

He smiles at Jeongguk again and it's so genuine and open that Jeongguk feels his chest tighten at the sight. Yoongi keeps on looking at him and for a moment Jeongguk thinks that he actually might just lean in and kiss him right there. And Jeongguk thinks that he really wouldn't mind at all.

Instead Yoongi simply sighs softly and focuses his gaze down onto the floor, breaking the moment.

"More drink?" he asks, nodding at Jeongguk's nearly empty glass.

"Sure," Jeongguk says, trying not to sound too disappointed.

The evening gets livelier as more alcohol is consumed. Jeongguk is really enjoying it, getting to spend time and relax together like this. Everyone's in high spirits. Yoongi keeps trying to take off his party hat but is stopped all the time by one of the members quickly fixing it back into place. It ends up becoming something of a game that Yoongi is most definitely losing.

At some point Hoseok takes over control of the music, Namjoon's carefully curated playlist being replaced with much poppier tracks. Hoseok and Jimin immediately start up some sort of impromptu dance competition, the others calling out comments and cheering them on.

Jeongguk downs more of his drink, laughing at their antics. Taehyung's next to him, almost breathless with laughter as Hoseok drops to the floor with some ultra sexy move just as Seokjin's trying to walk past and it sends the eldest stumbling straight into Jimin. Yoongi's the other side of Jeongguk, videoing the scene on his phone.

"Kookie, get up here," Jimin calls, waving him over. When he refuses to budge Hoseok is in front of him, grabbing Jeongguk's arm and pulling him up, helped by Taehyung pushing against his back.

It's only when he stands up that Jeongguk notices quite how tipsy he is, a touch unsteady on his feet. He's tugged over between the two of them, shaking off his embarrassment as they joke about with their dancing. A song Jeongguk recognises comes on and all three of them are pink in the cheeks with laughter as they shout out the "Oppa!" refrain with increasing volume.

Jeongguk glances over and sees Taehyung grinning, whispering something into Yoongi's ear. It makes Yoongi grimace and Taehyung gets swatted away as he cackles happily to himself. Namjoon ends up getting involved in the dancing too, a whirlwind of flailing arms, and the dancing is soon called to an abrupt halt when Namjoon sends two of the glasses on a nearby table flying.

The evening starts quietening down after that, the raucousness turning into more sedate conversations. Jeongguk ends up chatting with Hoseok for quite a while, though he steals a glance over to Yoongi once in a while. Every so often he catches Yoongi looking back and they smile shyly at being spotted.

"Hey, what were you saying to Yoongi when I was dancing earlier?" Jeongguk asks Taehyung as he flops down next to Jeongguk at a later point in the night, Jeongguk tries to keep his tone as casual as possible.

Taehyung's expression is puzzled as he tries to figure out when precisely Jeongguk's referring to. Understanding suddenly crosses his face. "Oh, that," he smiles. "I just asked hyung if he ever gets you to call him Oppa in bed."

"Oh my god, Tae" Jeongguk groans. Wow, is that even a thing? No

way is he ever doing that. "Why the hell would you ask him that?"

"Just curious," Taehyung smiles mischievously. "So is that a yes?"

"You're so weird. Get away," Jeongguk says, though he's laughing. He shoves Taehyung playfully and he just laughs back.

"Yeah, that's pretty much the response I got from Yoongi too."

At some point Seokjin realises that they never actually got round to cutting the cake earlier and then he's soon wandering around handing everyone thickly cut slices on plates, apart from Namjoon who appears to have dozed off in the armchair at some unknown point. Jeongguk picks up his slice eagerly. The frosting gets stuck to his fingertips as he eats it, causing him to stop and lick his fingers clean every so often.

It's only after a while that Jeongguk notices Yoongi looking over at him. Yoongi smiles warmly and Jeongguk smiles back. It quickly turns into a smirk as the alcohol emboldens him. Jeongguk drags his index finger over the frosting, scooping up a decent amount. He keeps his eyes fixed on Yoongi as he takes the same finger in his mouth, slowly pulling it out between his lips as he sucks the frosting off. Yoongi's eyebrow arches up, his expression caught somewhere between amusement and interest.

Jeongguk's thumb runs along his lower lip, catching the small bit of frosting that still sticks there. Even from a distance Jeongguk can see the way Yoongi's eyes sparkle, the line of his mouth tight as he suppresses a grin. Yoongi looks pointedly at the doorway, eyes flickering upwards in the direction of where his bedroom is before returning to Jeongguk, eyebrows raised in question. Jeongguk grins and nods briefly.

"Well, I think I'm going to turn in," Yoongi tells everyone. It's met with a chorus of protests but he shrugs them off. "I'm an old man now - I need my sleep even more."

As if just on cue a loud snore sounds from where Namjoon's fallen asleep against the couch cushions.

"See, Joon backs me up," Yoongi grins, bidding them all farewell.

Jeongguk's eyes scan the rest of the room. Seokjin, Hoseok and Jimin are currently deep in conversation and he hopes that they stay like that for a while so that he can steal a few moments alone with Yoongi.

He decides to enlist Taehyung's help just to be on the safe side.

"Um, do you think you could kind of- uh, help keep everyone down here for a bit?" he asks quietly. As absorbed in conversation as they currently are, that could quickly change. "I just want to have a bit of time with Yoongi, you know, alone."

"Sure," Taehyung smiles kindly. "I'll do my best."

Jeongguk squeezes his arm to show his gratitude. He mumbles something to the room about needing the bathroom but no one's really listening and he quickly darts out the lounge and dashes up the stairs.

He comes to a halt outside Yoongi's room. Yoongi's standing at the foot of his bed, smiling bashfully. His smile widens as Jeongguk walks in, closing the door securely behind him. He's still got that stupid party hat on and he's looking at Jeongguk so happily and it does all kinds of things to Jeongguk.

"Hey," Yoongi says quietly, his arms encircling Jeongguk's waist as the younger comes to stand in front of him.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies, his own arms draping around Yoongi's shoulders after taking Yoongi's hat off for him and tossing it to the side.

They grin at each other idiotically for a few moments. Jeongguk honestly doesn't know how his heart still manages to race so fast at this small routine that they do. Yoongi leans up and brings their lips together in a chaste kiss. It doesn't stay that way for long, tongues soon slipping inside each others mouths and rolling lightly together. Yoongi's arms tighten around his waist as the kiss deepens.

"Thank you again," Yoongi murmurs before kissing Jeongguk once more.

"What for?" Jeongguk asks, sighing happily as Yoongi's mouth drops to his neck, littering it with kisses. They're not quite as controlled as usual, no doubt a result of the copious amount of alcohol consumed this evening. They still feel amazing though.

"My gifts," Yoongi says. He nips lightly just below Jeongguk's ear. "It means a lot."

Jeongguk doesn't reply, just nuzzles his nose into the soft strands of Yoongi's hair as his mouth continues working the skin of Jeongguk's

neck. His fingers reach up to curl around the nape of Yoongi's neck.

"Tae thought I should give you a lap dance for your present," Jeongguk tells him.

Jeongguk feels the warm flutter of air against his neck as Yoongi lets out a burst of laughter. He tilts his head back, grinning at Jeongguk.

"Yeah, 'cause that wouldn't have been at all awkward," Yoongi chuckles.

Although Jeongguk is in total agreement at how bad of idea it was he still protests Yoongi's comment. "Hey! It would have been amazing, thank you very much."

"Amazingly embarrassing," Yoongi grins, eyes shimmering with mirth.

"As if," Jeongguk replies. "It would have been the best few minutes of your life."

"Sure it would," Yoongi says, sounding entirely unconvinced.

Jeongguk's not one to back down from a challenge. Well, in fairness it isn't exactly a challenge but he feels the giddiness from the alcohol and he goes with it. He unwraps his arms from around Yoongi and gently shoves the elder down to sit on the edge of the bed. Jeongguk ignores the small yelp of surprise Yoongi makes at the action. Jeongguk places his hands on Yoongi's shoulders, straddling his lap with his knees pressed into the mattress either side of Yoongi's hips.

"Oh god, what are you doing?" Yoongi laughs.

"Just enjoy," Jeongguk winks at him, attempting to be seductive.

Yoongi's hands lift to cover his face in embarrassment. Jeongguk takes hold of them, removing them from Yoongi's face and placing them on his own hips instead.

"Isn't there supposed to be music or something?" Yoongi asks teasingly.

"Ah, just imagine some," Jeongguk tells him. Yoongi nods.

"Okay. I'm imagining my favourite Beethoven sonata," he states.

"Hyung!" Jeongguk exclaims, unable to stop himself smiling at Yoongi's deadly serious expression. "It's meant to be something sexy."

Yoongi presses his lips together, trying to hold back his grin and keep his expression neutral. His eyes give him away though, glinting with mischief. Jeongguk shakes his head and just starts rolling his hips. Yoongi's impassive demeanor drops momentarily at the movement. Jeongguk quirks an eyebrow as he feels Yoongi's fingers tighten almost imperceptibly on his hips.

Jeongguk rolls his hips again, smirking down at Yoongi. Yoongi looks up at him with such fondness that it makes Jeongguk's heart thump wildly in his chest. Jeongguk keeps moving, rolling his hips wantonly. He grabs the hem of his shirt and lifts it up just enough to give a glimpse of his defined stomach. Yoongi seemingly can't hold back his grin any longer.

"You're so cute," he says affectionately.

Jeongguk huffs loudly. "This isn't meant to be *cute*."

"Sorry. I meant, wow, so super hot and sexy," Yoongi grins.

Jeongguk sighs. "You're hopeless," he chuckles.

Yoongi pulls them closer together, mouth nudging the collar of Jeongguk's t shirt out the way in order to work at Jeongguk's collarbone, Yoongi sucking a little harder than normal due to his tipsy state. He hums contentedly against the skin there before speaking.

"I do think you're so fucking sexy when you dance, Kook," he murmurs, causing Jeongguk's insides to somersault wildly. Yoongi's teeth lightly scrape across the spot on his chest. "Seriously, I can't take my eyes off you sometimes. But I'm just not really a lapdance kinda guy."

Jeongguk takes a moment for the compliment to fully sink in before he addresses the last statement.

"Isn't every guy a lapdance kinda guy?"

Yoongi chuckles, pulling back a little to look at Jeongguk.

"I do hope that doesn't mean you're expecting one from me."

Clearly the image of Yoongi trying to do a sexy dance for Jeongguk appears in both of their minds at the same time. Laughter fills the room at the idea. Jeongguk's forehead drops to rest against Yoongi's as they share a warm, relaxed smile.

Jeongguk feels so very happy right now and Yoongi seems to reflect that right back. Their eyes meet and it stuns Jeongguk just how-*connected* he feels to him. Yoongi's hands leave his hips and raise to cup his jaw, thumbs brushing tenderly over Jeongguk's cheeks. Jeongguk sees him swallow hard.

When their lips meet Jeongguk feels that familiar dip in his stomach, overwhelmed by the emotions the kiss stirs in him. It's like nerves and excitement and an intensely deep affection all bundled up. They kiss slow and deep and Jeongguk thinks that he never feels quite so right as he does when he's with Yoongi like this.

"Yoongi," he whispers, almost inaudible against his lips.

He doesn't really know what he wants to say and Yoongi doesn't push him. Instead Yoongi simply wraps his arms around him and Jeongguk clings on a little tighter. Jeongguk's not sure how long they stay like that, just holding each other.

Eventually his hands start to rub circles over Yoongi's shoulder blades and Yoongi's start to trace along the curve of his spine. Their hips begin to rock slowly into each others. Jeongguk's head tips back and Yoongi's lips travel along his throat, dragging out a quiet whine from the younger before swallowing the sound with a kiss.

Jeongguk wishes so badly that they could just take their time like this, spend the whole night drowning in slow, drawn out touches and hot, lingering kisses. But the ever present fear of discovery hovers at the back of his mind, aware that time may already be running short.

He stands up, pulling Yoongi with him, before he sits back on the edge of the bed. Yoongi moves to straddle him, clearly thinking that Jeongguk just wants to switch their positions. Confusion flickers over his features as Jeongguk's hands reach out to stop him. Jeongguk keeps one palm pressed against his hip, holding him back whilst the fingers of his other hand gently undo the button of his jeans and pull down the zipper. He can hear the obvious hitch of Yoongi's breath at the action.

Jeongguk's hands work together now, pulling the denim just far enough down his thighs. He can see the hard outline of Yoongi's cock through his underwear, straining against the tight material. He leans forward and mouths at his length through the fabric. Yoongi exhales loudly and Jeongguk can hear the sound of him wetting his lips. Jeongguk slips two fingers from each hand into the waistband of

Yoongi's boxers, carefully inching them down until they're pushed down his thighs too.

Jeongguk takes a moment just to look. He doesn't think he'll ever get tired of this sight; of seeing how hard Yoongi gets for him and knowing that he's the one who gets to touch and feel and taste. Jeongguk's teeth catch on his lower lip. He looks up at Yoongi and feels instantly breathless. Yoongi's watching him so intensely, not attempting to conceal the want and desire simmering in his eyes. There's such a depth of affection there that it almost feels like something else, something more, but then Jeongguk's attention drawn by the feel of Yoongi's index finger trailing along the curve of his jaw.

Jeongguk reaches out, wrapping his hand lightly around Yoongi's cock. He strokes him smoothly, once, twice, before holding only at the base. Jeongguk's tongue darts out, lapping at the beads of precome that are forming at the tip. Yoongi cups his jaw, thumb brushing over Jeongguk's cheekbone as his tongue swirls around the head. Jeongguk leans forward more, his mouth covering where his tongue is licking. He sucks gently, his tongue flatting against the slit. He takes a moment to enjoy the gasp that escapes Yoongi before he pulls off and lets his tongue drag along Yoongi's length, tasting the precome that covers the hard, hot skin beneath. The taste itself is objectively still not something that Jeongguk's particularly fond of but it's now so distinctly the taste of *Yoongi* that he kind of enjoys it.

Jeongguk pulls back again before wrapping his lips around Yoongi once more but this time sliding them as far down as he can manage in one go. He goes down slowly until his nose bumps against his fingers. Once he's taken as much as possible he sucks very gently, his tongue pressing flatly against the underside. He feels Yoongi's hand leave his jaw to tangle in his hair, Yoongi's other hand resting on his shoulder for balance.

"Oh, *Kook*," he groans softly. The words seem drawn out from the very bottom of his throat, positively dripping with arousal. It sends a pang of desire surging through Jeongguk, pooling instantly in his lap.

Jeongguk's lips pull back up, keeping the tip in the warm confines of his mouth before sliding back down again. Yoongi moans quietly, his grip on Jeongguk's shoulder tightening just a little. Jeongguk sets up a languid pace, a leisurely drag of his lips up and down on Yoongi's cock. He drinks in the small, needy sounds that fall from Yoongi's lips, loving the fact that they're all because of him. He looks up, a pleasurable shiver coursing through his body at how Yoongi still

watches him so intently, eyes never leaving the scene. Yoongi sees him looking, catches his gaze.

"So good," Yoongi whispers.

His hand brushes through Jeongguk's hair, a tender touch that turns a little clumsy as Jeongguk pulls back and lets his tongue lick wetly along his length. When he takes Yoongi back in his mouth again he inches down a bit further, removing his hand.

Yoongi's gasping softly as Jeongguk's mouth works him and the noises are only adding the heat gathering in the younger's lap. His cock throbs almost painfully, aching for some form of touch. Jeongguk's hand ends up dropping down, palm pressing firmly into his crotch.

He moans lightly, the vibration apparently feeling good on Yoongi if the low whimper it produces is anything to go by. He can feel Yoongi's fingers tense on his shoulder again, the other hand still resting in his hair. He remembers when Yoongi first went down on him, how he encouraged Jeongguk to thrust into his mouth. While Jeongguk is not quite ready for the level Yoongi allowed, he still wants to try a little.

Jeongguk's hands both move to Yoongi's hips and he slackens his mouth ever so slightly. His fingers grip harder to try to get Yoongi moving but he's currently staying resolutely still, keen as ever not to push Jeongguk too far.

"C'mon, Yoongi," Jeongguk murmurs, his tongue swiping over the tip of his cock once more before wrapping his lips around him fully again.

"You sure?" Yoongi breathes.

Jeongguk nods as best he can. He can hear Yoongi's breathing, shaky as he exhales. Yoongi very gently starts to rock forward, a gentle roll of his hips into the heat of Jeongguk's mouth. Yoongi keeps things slow, never going deeper than the younger can manage as his hand falls from Jeongguk's hair to rest around the base of his neck.

With Yoongi a bit more in control now Jeongguk returns one of his hands to his own lap. Yoongi keeps letting out these low, breathy sighs and combined with the taste of him on Jeongguk's tongue, fuck, it's getting near unbearable for Jeongguk not to be touched. He unzippers his jeans and works his hand under the waistband of his underwear. It's tight and restrictive but he manages to wrap his fingers around himself. He moans around Yoongi's cock at the sensation.

"Oh god," Yoongi groans quietly.

Jeongguk's fingers slide back and forth on his own cock, awkward from their trapped position but it's just enough. It's insane just how aroused he is from doing this to Yoongi but god, he loves making Yoongi feel good. It really is the most incredible turn on. Yoongi's fingers clutch at the base of Jeongguk's neck as his mouth goes a little tighter.

"Kook, yes, *yes,*" Yoongi pants out through stuttered breaths. "I'm gonna come, baby, fuck."

Jeongguk's other hand leaves his lap momentarily, joining his mouth on Yoongi's cock. He strokes a few times back and forth, meeting his lips halfway, drawing Yoongi gradually over the edge. Fingers tighten briefly in his hair as Yoongi's breathing gets faster and faster, eventually hitching on a deep groan as he comes in Jeongguk's mouth. Yoongi rolls his hips as gently as he can, drawing out his orgasm as long as he can.

Jeongguk swallows eagerly but barely has a moment to catch his breath before Yoongi's dropping to his knees in front of him. Jeongguk's eyes widen as Yoongi hurriedly tugs down his jeans and boxers just enough. Then he sees nothing but black as his head falls back, eyes closing as the wet, wonderful heat of Yoongi's mouth sinks down on his cock.

"Oh fuck, oh *fuck,*" he murmurs.

His fingers card eagerly through the strands of Yoongi's hair as he takes him deep and works him with fast, deliberate bobs of his head. Jeongguk had noted before that perhaps Yoongi wasn't the most finessed when it came to this but Jeongguk couldn't give less of a fuck about finesse when his mouth gives him such incredible pleasure.

Jeongguk is so worked up already that he really doesn't think he's going to last long. His prediction is right. It's an embarrassingly short amount of time before that slick heat becomes too much and the tightening deep inside of him grows more and more insistent. Jeongguk can feel the muscles of his thighs twitching as his breathing starts to come in more ragged bursts. He suddenly realises he's never actually finished in Yoongi's mouth before, previously stopping to focus on other activities, and he has no idea if the elder likes it or not.

"Yoongi, I'm, *shit*, oh god, I'm gonna come," he breathes urgently, tugging on some of the locks between his fingers.

Yoongi makes a small noise of understanding but keeps his mouth moving and that thought alone, that knowledge that Yoongi wants it, is enough to cause that tightening sensation in the pit of his stomach to snap and suddenly Jeongguk's orgasm comes crashing over him. Yoongi doesn't pull back, only sinks his mouth down further as he works Jeongguk through the pleasure, only stopping when Jeongguk winces slightly from the over-sensitivity.

Jeongguk collapses back onto the bed, panting heavily. He closes his eyes, trying to calm himself. He feels Yoongi gently pull his jeans and underwear back up for him before the soft touch of lips press against his forehead.

Yoongi's arms hook under his own and he pushes, apparently trying to move Jeongguk more fully onto the bed but to no avail. He laughs, falling on top of Jeongguk, his face dropping to Jeongguk's shoulder.

"You're too heavy," he complains.

Jeongguk shifts onto the bed by himself and wraps his arms tight around Yoongi, pulling him along too with ease. At least his workouts pay off sometimes.

"You're so cute," he teases, mimicking Yoongi's own comment to him from earlier. It earns him a sharp nip to his shoulder.

"No way. I just don't want to scare you off with my overwhelming manliness," Yoongi tells him .

"Uh huh," Jeongguk agrees without much conviction. Yoongi just sighs and nuzzles into his neck. Jeongguk isn't really sure how someone can switch between hot and cute quite so easily but he keeps that to himself.

They lay like that for a while and Jeongguk feels immensely grateful for the efforts Taehyung appears to be making at keeping the others downstairs. A small wave of uneasiness ripples through him at the lengths they have to go to for time together. He thinks back to earlier this evening when he thought Yoongi might kiss him in front of everyone and how he wished that he did.

"Yoongi?" There's enough alcohol flowing through Jeongguk still to feel brave enough to ask.

"Hmm?"

"Are we- I mean." He pauses and licks his suddenly dry lips. "Will we tell the others at some point?"

His words are quite vague but he's sure Yoongi understands what he means. Yoongi lifts his head up and looks at Jeongguk. He blinks slowly and nods.

"Of course," he smiles. He leans up and kisses Jeongguk softly. "Just- maybe not yet."

Jeongguk's not sure what to think. He feels pleased that Yoongi wants to tell the others too, though he's not sure why they have to wait. He doesn't ask anymore however as Yoongi draws him into a slow, deep kiss and all Jeongguk can focus on is the way Yoongi's tongue slides so perfectly against his own.

They kiss for a long time, their movements lazy and languid, and Jeongguk doesn't want it to end. Yoongi's fingers play softly with the strands of his hair and his own travel beneath Yoongi's shirt tracing lines over his lower back. Eventually the sound of voices reaches their ears and they reluctantly break apart. Yoongi looks down at him sadly, placing one last chaste kiss to Jeongguk's lips before sitting up.

"Hyung, come on, we were having fun!"

Taehyung's voice is loud and pleading from the other side of the door.

"Aish, get off me," Seokjin laughs. "I'm glad you appreciate my company so much but it's 2am and I need to sleep."

Jeongguk can't see what's going on but he can imagine that Taehyung's draped over Seokjin's back in an actual physical attempt to stop him heading into the bedroom. Jeongguk's chest clenches a little from Taehyung's efforts to try to provide him and Yoongi with some alone time. Yoongi seems to feel it too, casting a guilty glance over at him.

"Hyung!" Taehyung tries again, louder this time, and he's quickly shushed.

"Quiet," Seokjin warns, though he's still chuckling. "You're going to wake up Yoongi."

There's no chance of Jeongguk getting out of the room without Seokjin seeing him so he stands up, trying to look as casual as possible while Yoongi remains sitting on the bed. Only a few seconds later the

door opens.

Seokjin stands in the doorway, looking confused by the fact that Yoongi is awake and that Jeongguk is with him. Sure enough Taehyung's arms are looped over his shoulders and legs wrapped round his waist, clinging onto Seokjin like a koala. He gives Jeongguk an apologetic look, an expression that says 'I tried'.

"Kookie, we thought you'd gone to bed," Seokjin says in surprise. "Are you bothering Yoongi when he's trying to sleep?"

His words make Jeongguk feel a little embarrassed, as though Seokjin's seeing him as some sort of pestering child. Taehyung climbs off of Seokjin's back and looks down at the ground, as though embarrassed too on Jeongguk's behalf.

"No hyung, we were just talking," Yoongi tells him.

"Yeah, I was just going anyway," Jeongguk says.

He bids them both a good night and wanders out of the room, closing the door behind him. Taehyung gives his shoulders a sympathetic squeeze.

"I tried the best I could," he says and Jeongguk nods.

"I know," he smiles. "Thank you. Really."

Taehyung shrugs as though it's nothing but Jeongguk does truly appreciate it. They come to a halt outside Jeongguk's room. They're about to say good night when the door to Yoongi's room opens again. Yoongi steps out, closing the door behind him. Taehyung clears his throat and raises his eyebrows.

"I'll see you both in the morning " he smiles before slipping into his own room.

Yoongi is immediately in front of Jeongguk, palms cupping his face, and Yoongi leans up and kisses him hard. Jeongguk's lips instantly part, his hands fisting in the material of Yoongi's shirt as the kiss deepens, much more frantic, more needy than before. When they break apart they're both a little breathless from the intensity.

"Sorry, I just-" Yoongi begins. He looks down, swallowing hard, before his eyes raise back up to meet with Jeongguk's. "I just wanted to say good night. Properly."

He looks a touch embarrassed and there's that flutter in Jeongguk's chest again. He smiles and Yoongi smiles back. They lean in again, lips connecting automatically, and it's a softer kiss this time but full of just as much emotion.

When Jeongguk climbs into bed a few minutes later he's alone but as he starts to drift off to sleep, he can still feel the tingle of Yoongi's kiss against his lips.

End Notes

As always, thank you so, so much to everyone who commented on the last part - it means so much to know you are enjoying this series :)

I hope you enjoyed reading this part. (if anyone's interested the song I imagined the boys dancing to was Blackpink's Boombayah :))

Comments are truly loved and appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!